Meeting a Lion, Mark Hanna and Others

Continued from Page Five.

course, you are a good Republican, Eddie," using the name he had called me by when I was a schoolboy. He was as amazed when I told him I was a Democrat as if I had told him I was a Buddhist. "But, dammit, Eddie," he exclaimed, "Horace Townsend's brother can't be a Democrat. You only think you're one."

Mark Hanna was a conservative Republican not alone because he believed in the principles of his party but because temperamentally he could see good only in things established; in affairs arranged; in the old order; in institutions accepted, fixed. To him Democracy meant radicalism, and that meant revolution; or, if not quite that, meddling with accepted institutions which should remain forever undisturbed. Democrats had only theories to offer—distressing things—while Republicans, who must be be conservative, protected conditions demonstrated to be good for them. One had only to enumerate the fruits of those conditions to prove their excellence. Your radical advocated—what?—a theory. Why, my dear sir, a theory is but a dream. Can you run Government on dreams? Thus Mark Hanna; thus, too, I had heard in my own home from the time I first became conscious what my elders were talking about. Mr. Hanna was an agreeable companion; no dreamer, to be sure, yet the most interesting figure in national politics. His thoroughly planned McKinley campaign was carried out with bulldog tenacity, for besides his political faith in his candidate he had a warm personal affection for him.

Early in the campaign I went to Cleveland, and there Mr. Hanna asked me and a fellow reporter from Chicago, Wallace Rice, to dinner at his home on the West Side lake shore. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. McKinley and three or four National Committeemen. After dinner the men went out on a veranda to smoke, Mrs. Hanna and the other ladies remaining in the big living hall. Realizing that the committeemen were there to talk the kind of politics they do not talk in the presence of reporters, Rice and I soon rose to leave them, and Mr. Hanna said to Mr. McKinley:

"Governor, you go in to the ladies, too; Townsend will read a 'Chimmie Fadden' story for you."

Rice and I could not but think this was an odd proceeding, but perhaps the candidate himself gave a clew to the situation when he rose to go with us and turned with a laugh and said:

"Want to get rid of me, eh, for fear I'll talk tariff to you?"

At ten o'clock Mr. Hanna received a telegram and after reading it said, "I must go to Chicago." Turning to Rice and me, he added, "I'll have my car attached to a train leaving at midnight. Meet me at the Union Station and go to Chicago with me. We'll be back to-morrow night." We went. It was characteristic of Mr. Hanna that he made that trip quite as another man might go from his front door around a corner to buy a cigar.

She Knew Eddie.

I was a literary lion for a quarter of an hour while in Cleveland that time. A schoolgirl friend who had become a charming young matron called for me at the hotel with her husband and drove me out to a country club where an afternoon party of some size was gathered.

"We'll meet some of the old West Side set there," explained my vivacious hostess, "and you are to be a literary lion."

"But, I couldn't be, please," I protested.

"Nonsense!" she declared. We had been sweethearts, aged twelve, and her authority was therefore great. "Your book is listed every month among the six best sellers, and you are writing stories for magazines of unquestionable respectability." She appealed to her husband: "Must he not be a lion, dear?"

I feel that that good man sympathized with me, but he dutifully answered that I must. At the country club my hostess introduced me to several of the "old West Side set" who knew that I had long been away from Cleveland—twenty years—and some of them, under a little judicious prompting by my guide, even remembered that I had written something. Then—alas!—we besieged the widow of a former high official in the city government, a stout old lady, mind and body determindedly fixed upon food. In one hand she held a fork, in the other a plate of ice cream; on one broad leg a salad was balanced, on the other a plate of club sandwiches was poised. "Mrs. X," said my guide, "this is the Edward Townsend you knew years ago."

Mrs. X showed no signs of knowing me or wanting to know me, but plainly showed that, whoever I might be, she hoped I would go away before she had to readjust her legs for the safety of the treasures they bore. "Oh, yes," continued the indomitable lady of my twelfth year devotions, "you remember Eddie Townsend, of the St. John's Townsends, you know."

Probably thinking that if she surrendered we would in mercy move on, the relict of the city official replied: "Oh, surely. How d'y, Eddie? Still living on the West Side?" Having thus passed us on, the good lady gave thought to her salad, which was sliding, and her sandwiches, which were slipping. Yet how firm their foundation!

I wonder if other shop fellows recall as vividly as do newspaper men incidents of years past! I thought of this recently upon meeting William O. Inglis, now engaged in assembling and preparing material for an authoritative and authorized biography of John D. Rockefeller. Inglis, then on the *World*, and I chanced to work together on several sensational murder trials. When we met, a few days before I write this, Inglis greeted me with, "Whichiver you prefair, Docther."

A Twenty Year Flashback.

My mind flashed back twenty years to the trial for wife murder of a "smirking, wriggling little rat" as Inglis described the murderer. One of the counsel for the defense was William O'Sullivan, who had degrees in law and medicine from British and American colleges, but who, in spite of all temptations to lose it, kept in its native purity one of the most musical Irish accents I ever heard. Cross-examining a medical expert in that trial O'Sullivan asked if a certain poison would not produce in the victim symptoms of bolus hystericus. The expert had never heard of bolus hystericus. O'Sullivan tried him with globus hystericus. Certainly the expert was familiar with globus hystericus. Then O'Sullivan drawled in an accent which type can no more than suggest, "Whichiver you prefair, Dochter; glo-obus, a glo-obe; bo-olus a ba-a-awl." This threw Inglis into another kind of hysterics, and he exercised infinite ingenuity during the rest of the trial in devising twists of conversation which would intrigue O'Sullivan to repeat the remark.

Elihu Root on Sun.

Young men planning to take up newspaper work have asked me, as have the fathers of some, if the experience would be an aid in other lines of work. It would not be troublesome, I think, to prepare a convincing list of men successful in other professions or in large business affairs who began their wage earning careers in newspaper offices. On a Washington bound Congressional Limited train one day a few years ago, going into a smoking compartment I found there alone Elihu Root. He was reading, but closed his book and showed an amiable desire to talk. After some discussion of Congressional affairs he asked: "Do you know that I am an old Sun man? Justice Franklin Bartlett and I were fellow Sun reporters when we were young men."

I knew that about Justice Bartlett but did not know that Mr. Root was eligible for membership in the Sun Alumni Association. Mr. Root talked with pleasure of his Sun experience, which led to personal relations with Mr. Dana, who often invited the two young lawyers—briefless then—to his famed Sunday breakfasts. There they would discuss world affairs with vigor, the great editor no doubt benefited by hearing frank opinions on literature, art, drama, politics; and thereby he achieved the very purpose of the breakfasts. The roster on which Mr. Root's name appears could be much extended, but it must be closed here with the story of the interesting work of two reporters who were shop fellows of mine.

When Franklin Lane became Secretary of the Interior he drafted into his service Stephen T. Mather and told him to reorganize the administration of all national parks; improve all their public utility services, hotels, transportation and the like and fix reasonable prices for such services. Mather covered his job so well that after serving through the two Wilson Administrations he is retained by the present as Director of National Park Service. Mather saw the need of proper publicity for the splendid wonderlands the Government has reserved for the public, and he drafted another Sun man, Robert Yard, to attend to that. The notable increase in the numbers who now visit those parks, the greater comforts and facilities they enjoy while doing so, is testimony to Secretary Lane's wisdom in having the work done and to the manner in which those two newspaper men did it.

Since these chapters have been appearing in print I have received letters flattering in their number, many writers making interesting comment on incidents related. "All of which they saw; part of which they were." But the greater number of letters have asked the questions which have also been asked personally of me many times: "Was 'Chimmie Fadden' a real person? If he was not, how did he happen to be invented?" I will find room in the next chapter to answer those questions.

[This is the tenth article of a series by Mr. Townsend. The eleventh will appear in an early issue.]

A Doughboy's Return

Continued from Preceding Page.

did a rushing business all evening at the hotel.

The Madame triumphantly produced a great bottle of cherry brandy and rustled out a host of tiny glasses in order to celebrate the occasion. It was explained to us that cherry brandy, which takes several years to make, is very rare in France now because the American army drank most of it. So this bottle was a relic of the days before the war and had been carefully preserved for some such great event as our return was deemed to be. For our part, to sit out on the sidewalk at one of the familiar little green tables and look into the beaming faces of these good old souls while we all sipped our brandy was well worth the whole trip abroad.

We talked of how during the war after buying many things at the army commissary we had carried them up to the Madame to cook for us. Sometimes we tried to evolve American dishes—although it generally ended in failure. However, once we had decided that our systems needed pumpkin pie, and procuring the canned pumpkin, spices, flour and sugar at the commissary, we bore them to the Madame, and she, following our directions, made a very creditable pie. To us, indeed, it tasted like the ambrosia of the gods.

Suddenly Monsieur jumped up from the table, hurried into the kitchen and returned waving a can of cinnamon. It was the self-same cinnamon that I had bought four years before, and he announced it as "Souvenir, souvenir, souvenir."

They particularly like cinnamon, and it is very hard to obtain over here, but as they felt that they had to have some souvenir of us they chose to keep the cinnamon. The can was still almost full.

As soon as we gracefully could we slipped away from the hotel to look over the rest of the town. As I walked along the street I looked involuntarily for the khaki clad figures of my comrades sitting in the open doorways, with an array of towels and wash basins scattered around the front.

Practically all of the old billets are still inhabited, but now their prewar tenants—cows, horses, goats, rabbits and chickens. To be sure, we never did completely evict these tenants during the war—they simply moved over and made room for us, too. When I came to the stable which had been my abode, I saw the selfsame horse beside which I had bunked, standing tied to the door.

It certainly gives one a peculiar feeling to revisit a place like this. There is nothing that can be quite compared to it. Everything is so very familiar, and yet in the same degree strange because of one fact—that the "bunch" is not here. A twinge of loneliness it is—a feeling that something pleasant has passed, and can never be duplicated. For despite all of the hardship and turmoil of army life, the comradeship of one's companions in arms makes it worth while in the end. It is something which no ex-soldier has ever been able to find in civilian life.

Returning to the hotel we found the Madame preparing as sumptuous a meal as her simple kitchen could afford. She met us at the door with the announcement that she remembered that all Americans wanted "beaucop pommes de terre," and the subsequent size of the potato platter amply supported her words. It was to say the least, "some" dinner, and I believe we enjoyed it more than any we have had in France. She seated us in the old dining room, looking out on the garden where they used to go out and pick the lettuce after salad had been ordered at a table. The two old folk hovered around us all of the time, plying our plates with food until we had fairly to plead for mercy.

Reinforcing his father and mother, the son of the family helped out also. He had been in the French army when we were there before, and so he was new to us, as we were decidedly new to him. However, there is little doubt that he had heard a great deal—and that flattering, too—about the Americans who had once inhabited the town.

We were regaled with all the news of the community and asked endless questions concerning our country. Through all of their conversation we gathered from them their kindly interest and sincere liking for the Americans that they had known. They could see no wrong in anything American.

We were, indeed, glad to have come back. We found that we had given two old people an immense amount of happiness by returning, and proved to one very friendly community, at least, that American soldiers have not forgotten.

This is the fifth of a series of articles. The sixth will appear in an early issue.

Modest Brandes

GEORG BRANDES, esteemed the greatest of living Danish critics of literature, appears to be modest withal. He recently published an article ascribing to Boccaccio a tremendous influence on world literature. He was criticized for having exaggerated this influence. In reply Brandes said the criticism had brought to his notice something he ought to have known but didn't. This was that Lessing's famous play "Nathan the Wise" is built up around the Italian's story of the three rings. Brandes lamented that his knowledge and memory of European literature were not better and broader—a singular admission by a man whose familiarity with world literature is said to surpass that of any other living writer.